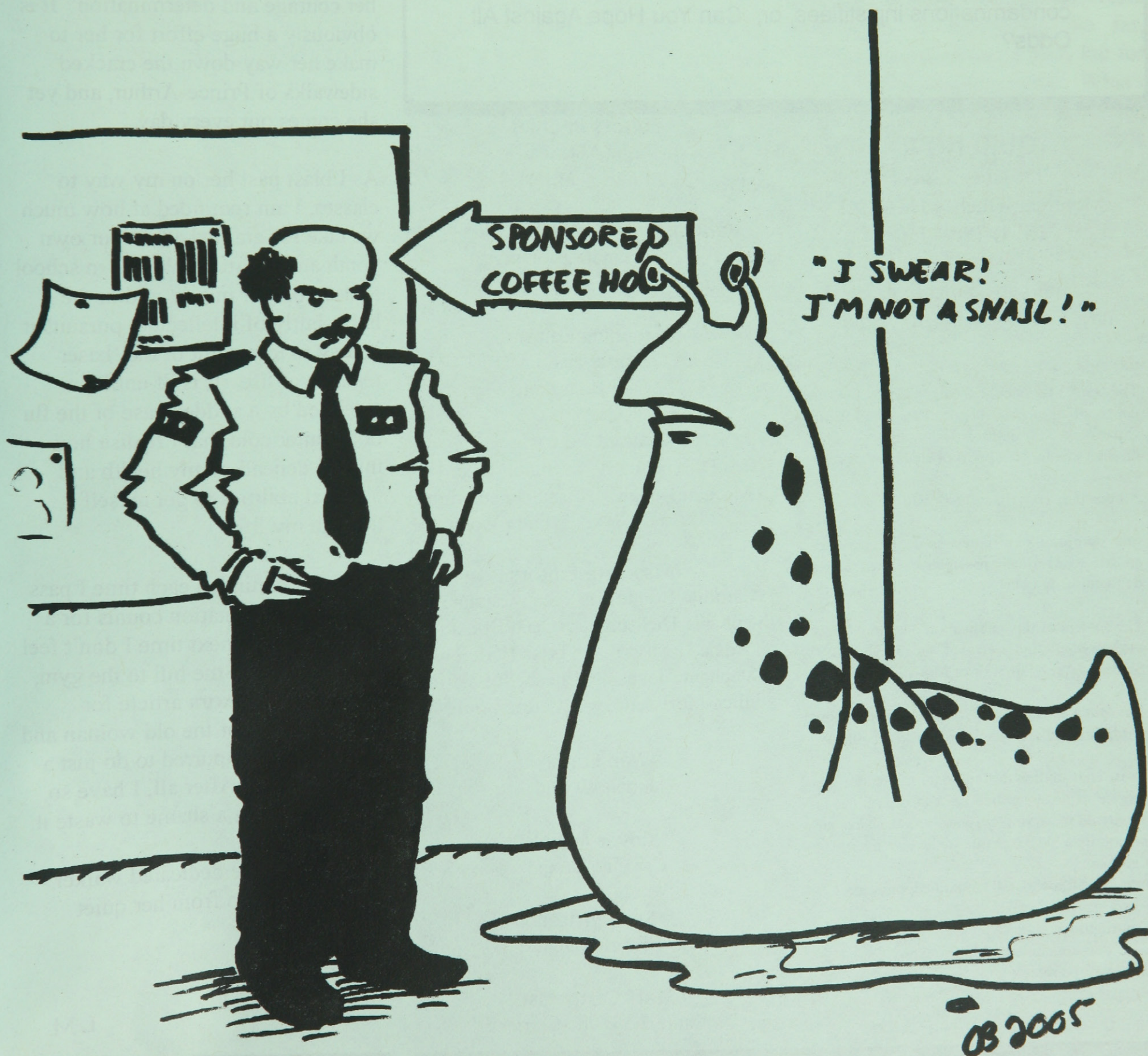


# Quid Novi

McGill University, Faculty of Law  
Volume 26, no. 2 - September 20, 2005





## In This Issue...

- 3 Vanua-où? Vanua-where?
- 4 BLACK GIRL CHRONICLES: The Law of the Streets
- 5 Week in Review
- 6 How I Spent My Summer Vacation  
Choose Your Values
- 7 Parlons Québec. En Australie???
- 8 Working in Israel during Disengagement
- 10 The Square: An Outsider's Look on Life in Hippest City in Canada
- 11 My Blue Collar Summer  
Les aventures du Capitaine Corporate America
- 12 Innocence McGill: Des espoirs concrets pour les victimes de condamnations injustifiées, or, Can You Hope Against All Odds?

### QUID NOVI

3661 Peel Street  
Montréal, Québec H2A 1X1  
(514) 398-4430

[quid.law@mcgill.ca](mailto:quid.law@mcgill.ca)  
<http://www.law.mcgill.ca/quid>

The *Quid Novi* is published weekly by the students of the Faculty of Law at McGill University. Production is made possible through the direct support of students.

All contents copyright 2004 *Quid Novi*.

Les opinions exprimées sont propres aux auteurs et ne reflètent pas nécessairement celles de l'équipe du *Quid Novi*.

The content of this publication does not necessarily reflect the views of the McGill Law Students' Association or of McGill University.

Envoyez vos commentaires ou articles avant jeudi 5pm à l'adresse: [quid.law@mcgill.ca](mailto:quid.law@mcgill.ca)

Toute contribution doit indiquer l'auteur et son origine et n'est publiée qu'à la discrétion du comité de rédaction, qui basera sa décision sur la politique de rédaction telle que décrite à l'adresse:  
<http://www.law.mcgill.ca/quid/edpolicy.html>.

Contributions should preferably be submitted as a .doc attachment. All anonymous submissions will be rejected.

#### Editors-in-Chief

Jason MacLean  
Lindsey Miller

#### Assistant Editors-in-Chief

Cassandra Brown  
Andrea Gorys

#### Managing Editors

Jennifer Hansen  
Laure Bretszajn

#### Layout Editors

Tara DiBenedetto	Simon Grant
Macgan Hough	Lisa Schneiderman
	Enda Wong

#### Associate Editors

Caroline Briand	Sam Carsley
Stephanie Dickson	Oana Dolea
Adèle D'Silva	Tyler Harleton
Stephanie Jones	Elizabeth LaBrie
Julien Morissette	Cedric Soule

#### Web Editor

Julian Awwad

#### Cover Artist

Caroline Briand

#### Staff Writer

Nicholas Dodd

#### Staff Cartoonist

Laurence Biche-Carrière

## Editorial

There's an elderly lady whom I pass by nearly every morning on my way to school. If the sun is out, she is too, regardless of the season. She's dependent on a walker to get around, and this past year she's obviously grown weaker and less agile. She walks at a snail's pace down the sidewalk, and seems to do several laps before going back inside. Each morning I see her I'm tempted to stop and tell her how much I admire her courage and determination. It is obviously a huge effort for her to make her way down the cracked sidewalks of Prince-Arthur, and yet she comes out every day.

As I blast past her on my way to classes, I am reminded at how much we take for granted about our own youth and abilities. We are in school to develop our minds, and in the hurly-burly of intellectual pursuits it is easy to lose sight of the 'baser' realities of life. It isn't until I'm sidelined by a sudden case of the flu or a winter cold that I realise how much I depend on my health and physical abilities to get myself through my life.

I am also reminded each time I pass her that determination counts for a lot in life. The next time I don't feel like trudging up the hill to the gym, or reading that extra article for school, I think of the old woman and her walker and spurred to do just a little bit more. After all, I have so much - it seems a shame to waste it.

So, here's to the dedicated walker - may we all learn from her quiet determination.

L.M.



# Vanua-où? Vanua-where?

by Julien Morissette (Law II)

A small archipelago in the South Pacific, which is a three hour flight north-east of Australia. I've had to repeat this countless times in the past few months. Perhaps it's because the Republic of Vanuatu has less people than the city of Laval... Its immediate neighbours are New Caledonia (a French dependency) to the south and the Solomon Islands to the north.

Not only is Vanuatu sparsely populated, it is heavily fragmented: 85 populated islands and 110 languages (no, this is not a typo) for... 220 000 inhabitants! There are three official languages: English, French and Bislama. The first two are the legacy of the European powers that set up a joint government (called the 'Condominium'), which controlled Vanuatu - then, the New Hebrides - from 1906 to independence in 1980. The third is an English-based pidgin with French and Melanesian words thrown in. For example "My name is Julien" is "Nem blong mi Julien".

Qu'est-ce qu'un étudiant en droit de McGill est allé faire dans les limbes du Pacifique? Je n'avais aucune envie de travailler dans un bureau pendant l'été, alors j'ai décidé de partir à l'aventure. Par l'entremise d'une petite ONG canado-australienne, Youth Challenge International (voir [www.yci.org](http://www.yci.org)), je suis allé passer six semaines au Vanuatu. Début mai, après 35 heures de voyage - et 3000\$ de billets d'avion - je suis arrivé à Port Vila, 'capitale' du Vanuatu, forte de ses 35 000 habitants. En comparaison, Hawkesbury ou Joliette sont des

métropoles! Après une brève orientation, je suis parti pour l'île d'Espiritu Santo, dans le nord de l'archipel, avec une petite équipe de jeunes canadiens, australiens et ni-Vanuatus (le terme qui désigne les habitants).

Tropical paradise? Think again! Most tourists who come to the archipelago see little beyond resorts that could very well be in Mexico and tax free shops, with Britney Spears posters and Chivas Regal. Forget images of Tahiti, people look very much like Africans! Vanuatu markets itself with the slogan "Another time, another pace". That much is true. Here's a glimpse of the real Vanuatu. Welcome to Nergar, Santo Island. The population is below one hundred. The road to get here is a dirt track (with a lot of cow dung mixed in), which turns into mud whenever it rains - in the dry season it rains five days a week! It's hot - 35 degrees and 100% humidity. There is one concrete building in the village, the rest is bamboo and palms. There is no electricity or running water. The closest school and (basic) healthcare facility are an hour and a half away. The leaders of the village are a customary chief and a spiritual leader. Religion is an odd mix of Anglicanism and Animist beliefs. One day, a lady dies in the village - we are told she was cursed. Most people live from subsistence agriculture. Money? What's that? For a month, I ate overcooked rice, foul canned fish and the national dish, laplap. Grate manioc and coconut, cook it in palm leaves for 12 hours. Tastes OK, but it

feels like you're chewing on a rubber tire. Fortunately, the fruit is amazing. It's raining, again, and my palm roof is leaking. I have so many mosquito bites I've lost count; *vade retro*, malaria! The outside world is almost irrelevant. So many children... At least half the people my age can't read. Population is exploding. So far, everyone has food and a roof, but for how long? Unemployment? What's employment? Six languages are spoken in the village, including a little French and English. Guitar, songs and prayers - all the time. The drug of choice: kava. A ground root mixed with water, it tastes and looks like peppery dishwater, but feels like a marijuana-Tylenol 3-sleeping pill cocktail. Friendly people, who cry their eyes out (men included) the day we leave. Twenty five people riding on a pick up truck, I'm sitting on the cab... As you can tell from this paragraph, time is no longer linear. Which century is this? Am I still on the same planet?

De retour à Port Vila, le 'trou' d'il y a un mois paraît hyper développé: électricité, voitures, téléphones, bruit... Le songe est terminé. J'ai utilisé un téléphone une fois en six semaines. Je ne vous parle pas de mon retour à Sydney! J'ai passé une semaine de plus dans la capitale à faire de la recherche juridique à l'Université du Pacifique sud, la Faculté de droit étant sur place. La bibliothèque de droit des onze pays qui ont créé l'université rentrerait dans l'atrium que nous connaissons bien. Cependant, les problèmes juridiques sont fascinants: à cause du passé



colonial, le droit français et la common law ont valeur de droit supplétif... en même temps!

Oh right, I did work on two community development projects when I was in Nergar. One was eye screening, as cataract is a severe problem given outside work and tropical sun. The other was organizing

a leadership conference for a group of youth having an average of 3-4 years of schooling. The projects were fairly successful, but the point of this article is that this is only a part of the experience, albeit an important one.

Law students often complain that they don't have enough contact with the 'real world'. Let me tell you, the

'real world' is harsh. But it's also fascinating. If you go to Vanuatu, don't go to do office work. Cubicles are the same everywhere. If you want to discover your inner strength, just go, and go far! Remember, distance has little to do with kilometres...

# BLACK GIRL CHRONICLES:

## The Law of the Streets

by Nicole Anthony (Law II)

I went to Pakistan this summer and a myriad of things occurred to me. I kept a journal of my experiences and this is one entry:

The lists of things that happen to me in Pakistan continue to grow. I have changed my ticket and I will be returning to Canada at the end of August. I have two large projects to start and finish. I lost a lot of time being sick and losing my work (computer crashed with all my files and I made no recent back ups; actually, none at all).

Yesterday, I went shopping at the main market with my two roommates to buy fruits and vegetables. We had finished shopping, but we were waiting for one roommate to get some pictures developed. We were waiting in the car, but it was taking so long that we decided to join her in the photo shop. Moments later she was finished and we walked to the car. I had my bag around my shoulder. I was to sit at the back. I lowered my bag to open the door and someone snatched my bag from my hands.

My first thought was: No, they didn't. In my bag I had my wallet with credit cards, cell phone and iPod, with the latest corrections of my work that I

recently lost. (As an experienced traveler I usually do not have all those things in my bag, but I just rushed out of the house and I just was not thinking!!!).

I immediately ran after the guy. The guy was running towards a motor bike with his friend ready to speed off with my bag. This did not discourage me. The robber was so scared that when he jumped on the bike he fell on his accomplice and the bike. Next thing I knew, I jumped on this guy's back and struggled with the bag. The next thing I knew, my roommates were assisting me.

Some Pakistanis noticed that a Black woman was chasing after a man with a bag and put two and two together that he was trying to steal my bag. After I secured the guy, about 10-20 Pakistanis got involved and started to give blows to the robber and then turned to his accomplice and gave him some blows.

At this point, I was able to get my bag intact and nothing was stolen. They asked me if I wanted to call the police. At first, I wanted to call the police, but then I thought it would be too long and drawn out and the twenty Pakistanis would probably give a more effective

sentence--the law of the streets.

We left and we decided to go out and have a steak. I was just trembling after that experience even that night I just replayed that scene. I went after that guy, and keep on thinking 'what if he had a gun or weapon?'

- Lessons:
- Do not go shopping with a hand bag.
  - Do not go shopping with a hand bag filled with expensive electronics.
  - Do not go shopping with iPod that has latest corrections of report that was lost.
  - Do carry only what I need to go shopping.
  - Do wear a money belt so that my belongings are concealed.

I have one more month in Pakistan. Please, no more drama!!!!!!

I hope everyone is having an uneventful summer.

I will keep you posted on my adventures in Pakistan.



# Week in Review

by Jason MacLean (Law III)

Emergency officials in Louisiana requested 25,000 body bags for victims of Hurricane Katrina, and a total evacuation of New Orleans was ordered. Much of the city was still underwater, though several people who lived on high ground objected to the evacuation. "I haven't even run out of weed yet," said one woman. In Houston, Texas, the headquarters of contractors Halliburton and Baker Hughes was preparing for a boom; one real-estate firm was offering special financing deals "for hurricane survivors only." Wealthy residents of New Orleans were devising ways to rebuild the city with a minimum of poor people. Barbara Bush visited the Astrodome and said that, given that the evacuees were "underprivileged anyway," things were "working out very well" for them. Meanwhile, representative Richard Baker gave the hurricane credit for finally cleaning up public housing in New Orleans. The government began to award no-bid contracts for the reconstruction, and President George W. Bush signed an executive order to allow federal contractors working in the wake of Katrina to pay their workers less than the prevailing wage. When questioned by House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi over his administration's response to the storm, Bush asked, "What didn't go right?"

Up to 3.7 million gallons of crude oil leaked into the lower Mississippi River. A car bomb in Iraq killed 16 people, the last Israeli troops left Gaza, and 32 police officers were injured during riots in Belfast, Northern Ireland. Russia announced that it will build a small floating nuclear power station in the White Sea. The Pentagon held a "Freedom Walk." Walkers were forced to register online ahead of time, to march along a fenced-in route, and to listen to Clint Black perform his song "Iraq and Roll."

Secretary General Kofi Annan failed to curb corruption and mismanagement at the United Nations, according to a report issued after an investigation into the oil-for-food program. Mr. Annan said Wednesday that he took responsibility for the management failures highlighted in the report, and he urged adoption of changes in the way the United Nations is run. "Who among us," he said, "can now claim that U.N. management is not a problem, or is not in need of reform?" The \$64 billion program was intended to ease the effects of sanctions on Iraq by supplying food and

medicine in exchange for letting Iraq export oil.

Yahoo! admitted that it had helped China track down a journalist, Shi Tao, who had anonymously redistributed a message from the Chinese government suggesting journalists be careful about what they write. Shi is serving a 10-year sentence for revealing "state secrets."

NHL hockey training camps opened. Saparmurat Niyazov, President for Life of Turkmenistan, declared that a zoo for penguins would be built where the Kara Kum desert begins.

A Brussels woman urinating in a graveyard was crushed to death by a falling gravestone, a woman in India was freed from the outhouse where she had been confined for more than 25 years, and a British man died when he fell into a giant blender. ■

Outstanding opportunities  
Exceptional colleagues

On both sides of the border

**TORYS** LLP  
NEW YORK TORONTO  
[www.torys.com](http://www.torys.com)



# How I Spent My Summer Vacation

by Nick Peters (Law III)

Summer in Calgary is always a uniquely western experience. A summer spent working at a law firm in Calgary is a uniquely Canadian experience. If you dare to venture to the Stampede City during the first 10 days of July, you'll be sure to witness a plethora of "country" phenomena. There are hay bales and piles of straw strewn around the entrance to every restaurant, office building, dental office, shopping mall and grocery store. Arriving at the airport, you might be greeted by a rootin' tootin' guitar and harmonica duo belting out Cadillac Ranch or a red-hot grill with flapjacks and baked beans available free-of-charge. Should you be courageous enough to actually venture to "the grounds," you can get a first-hand look at the marvel of Chuckwagon Racing, Bull Riding, Calf Roping, and Saddle-Bronc Rodeo. This is the only city in Canada where people travel from every corner of the world to watch someone throw a camp-stove into the back of a covered wagon, hitch up some horses and race around a dirt track for a 1-in-1000 chance of winning \$50,000.

During the same 10-days, Calgarians are expected to line-up at 6:30 AM for pancakes in the middle of the street, put in 4 frenzied hours at the office, then leave at 11:30 for a "liquid lunch" that sometimes lasts until 6 AM the next day. It's a beautiful place.

This same city is a perfect place to experience the world of "national-firm" legal work. I had the tremendously good fortune of working for Blake, Cassels & Graydon as a Summer Law Student in Stampede City. As a born-and-raised Calgarian, the whole Pancake-Rodeo is Old-Hat for me. The experience of a glimpse inside the inner-workings of one of Canada's oldest and most-respected national business law firms, however, was completely new - and extremely rewarding. Alberta's booming economy has created the hottest legal market in Canada. While heavy hours and intense workloads are understandably the norm, Blakes was ranked by Chambers as "Canadian Law Firm of the Year." My summer at the Calgary office provided a first-hand confirmation of the

widely-touted mantra "Blakes Means Business." As one of eight summer students, I was surprised and thrilled to discover that we were each given an active role in a number of major client files. Whether it was assisting with the drafting or researching of statements of defense, facta or bench briefs, attending examinations for discovery, trial proceedings or strategy sessions with clients; the opportunity to sink my teeth into the real world of legal practice was inspiring and exciting. I was placed within the Litigation department, and thrived on the fast-paced creativity and unrelenting intensity of it. Oil & Gas-related disputes have a tendency to generate unbelievably bizarre factual scenarios. The chance to assist in managing these cases confirmed my future interest in this field. The chance to experience this in the heart of Stampede City was not only a test of physical endurance, but was also the basis for a wild ride and a terrific sample of a future in one of Canada's hottest legal markets. ■

## Choose Your Values

by Megan Vis-Dunbar (Law II)

Many of the students participating in the US OCIs this week may have to sacrifice their values for their career before they even have an interview. Students potentially face the predicament of having to cross a picket line and enter a hotel engaged in illegal strike-breaking practices in order to attend interviews with many

of the US law firms participating in OCIs. As in previous years, the majority of the job interviews are being held at Montreal's Omni Hotel. The difference this year is that Omni Hotel workers may be entering their 10th week of general strike action.

Since July 15 of this year, 200 employees of the Omni Hotel have

been on strike. According to striking employees, the primary issues at stake in the present negotiations involve respect of their previous contract by the employer. Many grievances relating to violations of the previous contract remain unsettled. Unionized employees of the Montreal Omni, along with employees of 17 other 5 star hotels in Montreal and Laval, had



their contract come up at the beginning of this summer. While the other hotels negotiated new contracts with their employees relatively quickly, the management of Omni Hotel refused to negotiate with their employees for 2 months. Although negotiations are currently taking place to settle the disagreement, Omni Hotel continues to face allegations from the ministère du Travail of violations of Quebec's Labour Code.

Inspections of the Omni Hotel by the ministère du Travail have revealed 18 violations of the anti-strike breaker regulations contained in Quebec's Labour Code. Hotel administration has admitted to seven of these

infractions and could face \$1000 fines for every day that they employ strike breakers, yet they continue to replace striking workers.

The McGill Law CPO has been monitoring the situation of the strike closely, and understands the predicament faced by students. However, staff maintains that there is nothing that can be done to change the location of the interviews at this point as a result of the reservation and payment for the interview space having been made well in advance.

So what can students do if they wish to support the unionized employees of Omni Hotel? Striking

workers outside the Hotel expressed that the ultimate sign of solidarity is respect of their picket line. However, recognizing the dilemma faced by students, several workers expressed a desire to at least be treated with respect and for students to speak with them if they wish to indicate their support. ■

*Editor's Note: The Omni Hotel workers reached a settlement this weekend and will be returning to work this Monday.*

# Parlons Québec. En Australie???

par Fred Delisle (Law II)

J'en reviens toujours pas... Quand même, faut le faire... Imaginez-vous la scène : je suis confortablement assis, un matin comme n'importe quel autre, et je sirote mon café tout en lisant mes courriels. Un de ceux-ci pique mon attention puisqu'il porte le titre : "Quebec Talk". Hmmm... Je l'ouvre, et à ma stupéfaction on m'invite à participer à un cours offert par la Faculté des langues de l'Université de Melbourne, cours qui s'intitule (êtes-vous prêts? tenez-vous bien...) : "Quebec : Identity in a Globalizing World".

Quoi!!!! Non, c'est pas vrai... C'est une blague... Et bien non; le cours est offert depuis quelques années maintenant. Pas difficile à imaginer que je suis tombé de ma chaise et que j'ai dû déployer toutes mes forces pour répondre de façon cohérente que j'acceptais l'invitation avec plaisir (si ce n'était que pour comprendre

pourquoi des étudiants de l'autre bout du monde seraient intéressés à étudier notre culture).

Donc on se présente la journée désignée, on rencontre le prof, on remarque que son bureau contient une collection impressionnante d'œuvres littéraires et cinématographiques québécoises, et on se rend en classe pour discuter avec les étudiants. Ils veulent qu'on leur parle de notre vie au Québec, de ce que l'on pense de la loi 101, du Canada, du bilinguisme, de nos relations avec les anglos, du séparatisme et de tout le reste. Et encore, en français SVP. Sérieux, je ne me fous pas de votre gueule.

Alors on tire quoi de l'expérience? Et bien numéro un, je vous le confirme (pas que c'est nécessaire de le faire), notre accent est franchement difficile à comprendre. Mais bon, ça faisait partie de l'exercice. Numéro deux, on a beau être un petit village

d'irréductibles Gaulois, on passe pas complètement inaperçus. Numéro trois, il est dommage que l'on doive aller ailleurs pour discuter de façon franche de notre situation, car je ne pense pas qu'il est inapproprié de suggérer qu'un tel exercice serait impossible chez nous sans enflammer les passions. Et numéro quatre, on peut toujours espérer que je me trompe par rapport à numéro trois...

Fred in Aussie Land ■

## Quick Quips:

*Legalese:* [A] (1914) The complicated language of legal documents. Replaced Latin as the language to confuse clients.



# Working in Israel during Disengagement

Noah Sarna (Law II)

During my final days this past summer as a student intern with the International Group of Yigal Arnon & Co., one of Israel's largest law firms, nearly a quarter of the associates and stagiaires in the department each received a piece of mail they'd all been praying they wouldn't. It was a tzav, or notice of reserve duty, which usually states the time, date and place your presence is requested, without including any other specifics.

"I have no illusions about what this means," said O., a likeable, soft-spoken, secular American-Israeli who completed an LL.M. at Boston University, was called to the New York bar in June and will soon try for the Israeli bar. "It means I'm going to Gaza."

O. was deliberately euphemistic about the harrowing difficulties he'd likely encounter. In all probability, he'd be responsible for personally dispossessing fellow Israeli Jews, along with their supporters, from homes in which they've lived for a generation. Nearly 9,000 Jews were living in communities in Gaza, and another 4000 supporters were in the process of joining them in solidarity.

## Disengagement Plan and the Battle of Ribbons

This was a month before the beginning of Israel's scheduled withdrawal from Gaza and a portion of Samaria (the northern West Bank) in a plan that bitterly divided the country. After years of Palestinian suicide bombings, which left

thousands of Israelis dead, crippled and wounded, Israel's Knesset adopted the "disengagement plan." It was intended primarily, according to columnist Sheldon Kirshner, "as a means by which to separate Israel from 1.3 million Palestinians... rationalize its defense lines... and encourage Palestinian moderation and a crackdown on terrorism."

When I arrived in Israel this past May, a highly mobilized protest movement against the government's decision was already in full swing. It had chosen the color orange as its symbol, hanging orange ribbons from street signs, distributing them to supportive commuters, and serving as a backdrop to posters and bumperstickers that carried its banner phrase: "Jews don't expel Jews." Critics of the plan also argued that disengagement would be a victory for terrorist groups, rewarding them for years of murdering innocent Israelis.

In stark visual contrast, those in favor of the plan had adopted blue, the color on Israel's flag, as their color of expression. Consequently, the country was draped in ribbons, a seemingly odd but accurate reminder of the severe polarity dividing the nation. Teens attached them to their backpacks. Store-owners displayed them in their front windows. Taxi-drivers affixed them to their rear-view mirrors. Early evening traffic along Israel's Highway 1 was an orange-blue tapestry. Jerusalem was predominantly orange. Haifa was blue. Tel Aviv was a mix.

## Efficiency in the Face of Civil War

## Worries

Aside from a battle of ribbons, there was also provocative, hysterical rhetoric involved in the divide, likely due to the feverish emotional, nationalist and religious elements connected with the issue. Many worried a violent Israeli Jewish civil war would erupt. The threat of Jew vs. Jew fighting, more than assaults from terrorist groups during disengagement, was what worried O. most. (As it turned out, soldiers were ordered not to carry guns and fewer violent acts against them by those resisting disengagement were committed than were expected.)

On the 46th floor of Tel Aviv's most impressive office complex, the Azrieli Towers, ribbons rarely made their appearance at Yigal Arnon & Co. It was a debate that everyone lived with at home and in the streets. Everyone had an opinion. It was known around the office that the senior partner of the International Group was vehemently anti-disengagement, while most of the associates and stagiaires were in favour. Most of the secretaries were against. But I rarely overheard a single heated argument or political disagreement, and it was almost impossible to get anyone to take the time to reveal their own views. Work hours were for taking care of business. Politics had their place, but inviting factionalism into the mix was seen as fruitless and counter-productive.

## Land of Milk, Honey and Stem Cell Research



"Israel in my mind brings up two very different images," said a friend of mine studying political science at Concordia, who confessed he knew little about it. "One is a CNN sound-bite of horror and bloodshed and the other is people dressed up in biblical robes and sandals walking along empty, dusty hills... a religious war-zone."

Even though I'd been to Israel many times, and I knew it had much more to it than guns and gospels, this past summer exposed me to an ambitious, exciting part of the country I'd never seen before. The aesthetic appearance of the firm's offices was extremely impressive, with an ultra-modern design, large flat-screen TVs and a view that extended deep into the Mediterranean Sea to the west and as far as Haifa to the north. The associates, among whom were several McGill and U of T alumni, could work equally well in English or Hebrew, each fluent in Israeli and American law.

The firm generally services Israeli companies listed on exchanges overseas. For a country of less than 7 million people, Israel is vastly over-represented in financial markets around the world, with nearly 100 companies trading on NASDAQ. Those dealing with computer software and advanced medical technology have been particularly successful.

Christopher Reeves, who visited Israel before his death last year, praised Israeli medical institutions on for their research in aiding those suffering from spinal cord injuries: "Well, the whole attitude towards medical research [here in Israel] is exceptional... [Israeli scientists] learn

and do whatever they can to relieve human suffering, and as you know, in this country, they live every day with urgency. Every day, you never know what can happen here, and so there have been so many people who have been injured and suffered spinal cord injuries and other kinds of injury because of the terrorism, and I found that both in the medical research and the rehabilitation of people who have been injured, they are really trying their hardest to go as quickly as possible..."

### A Wounded Country

When I was working in Jerusalem in the summer of 2002, I traveled north by bus to Tiberias for the weekend. Had I missed that particular bus and taken the next one two hours later I would've been dead. Near the Megiddo Junction, roughly halfway to Tiberias, a car driven by terrorists

pulled alongside the bus and blew itself up, engulfing both vehicles in a massive ball of fire. Over twenty people were murdered.

Everyone I know in Israel has a story like that. Everyone either knows someone - or knows someone who knows someone - who was killed in a terrorist attack. My cousin, Gila Kessler, was waiting at a crowded bus stop one afternoon in Jerusalem when a suicide bomber struck. (I had to wear a bullet-proof vest to reach her shiva). The people at Yigal Arnon & Co. were no exception. It's part of the context of professional life in Israel.

Despite the pain and frustration, the country continues to function and grow. I only hope the difficulties and tragedies can be overcome in the form of a true and lasting peace. ■

Noah can be reached at [noahsarna@gmail.com](mailto:noahsarna@gmail.com)

## Want to see your name in print? Write for the Quid!

**What:** Ideas, Poems, Complaints, Cartoons, Opinions, Recipes, Book Reviews, Sports Reports, Rants, Tirades, Comments, Short Stories, Doodles, etc.

**How:** send your article as an MS Word attachment to [quid.law@mail.mcgill.ca](mailto:quid.law@mail.mcgill.ca), make sure to include a title, your name as you want it to appear and your year.

**When:** every Thursday by 5pm

**It's Simple, It's Fun and it keeps your friendly Quid Staff behind a computer screen and out of trouble**



# The Square:

## An Outsider's Look on Life in Hippest City in Canada

by Nicholas Dodd (Law I)

As a native Calgarian, one has to deal with a few, shall we say, preconceptions when encountering Canadians from east of the Manitoba-Ontario border. Although I would like to say that most of the accusations leveled against me (no, I don't bathe in crude oil) are horrible unfounded lies, it remains true that in Calgary cowboy hats are acceptable in most social situations, Wrangler jeans are still high fashion, and 'yee-haw' is an oft-heard exclamation. Thus you can understand if I occasionally feel like the proverbial fish-out-of-water in a city where, even on Sunday morning, the people look runway-ready (I mean, it's Sunday morning!!).

Now, I must admit that the city itself played more than a small role in my decision to attend this fine institution. The festivals, art exhibits, the strong social awareness, the multiethnic makeup and, most importantly from my point of view, the plethora of amazing musical acts and venues that Montreal offers were definitely a strong draw (in fact, prior to departure, one good friend inquired if I recalled that I was actually heading to Montreal to attend school).

Now I hate to compare and contrast again (still having problems with the whole 'transsytemic' thing) but in C-town a person interested in catching one of those hot up and coming Canadian indie acts we all love and adore would, on any given night, head to one of three bars - yes, the scene was that small, but at the same time, easily managed. Imagine your correspondent's surprise when faced with the weekly listings in

the Mirror or Voir - I cannot lie, tears were shed, though whether they were of joy or fear I cannot yet determine. Of course I have yet to sample many of these appealing venues, but, time and desire to procrastinate willing, I'll soon be rocking it like the locals.

I'll try and finish by saying something substantive: best album of the summer for my money was Broken Social Scene-member Jason Collett's solo effort. Upcoming stuff to look for includes an album from the Ladies and Gentlemen and another by the Arcade Fire's favorite band, Wolf Parade. I'm sorry for mentioning the Arcade Fire by

the way, I'm sure the natives are tired of them. And as for the Wolf Parade their album is named after a boat they trashed on the record company's dollar - ah, the life of a rock star.

So that's that, hopefully the fine powers-that-be at the Quid will let me run my mouth in these pages again. Please direct any comments, constructive or otherwise I have no preference, to the person that stole my locker in Area 4 (#28). Study hard, play harder and if all else fails remember this - at least you're not wearing Wranglers. ■

J | S | D | L | P



R | D | P | D | D

La Revue internationale de droit et politique du développement durable de McGill  
recherche un(e)

### RÉDACTEUR(TRICE) ADMINISTRATIF(VE) ASSOCIÉ(E) - FRANÇAIS

Le(la) candidat(e) retenu(e) assistera la rédactrice administrative dans les responsabilités suivantes :

- ♦ Effectuer la sollicitation d'articles rédigés en français
- ♦ Gérer et développer les initiatives de financement
- ♦ Participer à des conférences au nom de la RDPDD
- ♦ Établir et maintenir une communication efficace avec les universités francophones au Canada et outre-mer
- ♦ Faire la traduction de textes de l'anglais au français

Les étudiants de 1ère, 2e, 3e et 4e année qui sont inscrits à la Faculté de droit de McGill pour toute la période académique 2005-2006 sont éligibles au concours.

Prière de faire parvenir votre curriculum vitae accompagné d'une lettre de présentation et d'un court échantillon d'écriture en français d'ici le 27 septembre 2005, à l'adresse  
[jsdlp.law@mcgill.ca](mailto:jsdlp.law@mcgill.ca).

Pour de plus amples informations sur la RDPDD, veuillez visiter notre site Internet à l'adresse [www.law.mcgill.ca/jsdlp](http://www.law.mcgill.ca/jsdlp)



# My Blue Collar Summer

Sam Carsley (Law III)

"Drinking in the car's a bitch, eh?"

As I turned this statement over in my mind, Roger rolled down his window and lobbed a crushed can of Budweiser into the woods before wrenching the steering wheel to right, narrowly missing an older couple in a Toyota. Roger was right. Drinking in the car was a bitch.

Roger and I were returning from a renovation job in Ste-Agathe, a cottage country town about an hour and a half north of Montreal. We had spent most of the day hammering in cedar siding and exchanging subtle insinuations that the other was a homosexual over beers swiped from the owner's fridge. The work was uncomplicated, as was the company. This was my construction summer.

I cannot pretend to speak for the entire law school population, but the Vegas money is on the bet that most of us are not too familiar with the sweaty minutiae of the working class. Or, perhaps simply to avoid upsetting those who spend their weekends down the mine to pay their way through law school, I will say that I certainly had little contact with it.

As much as I was ashamed to admit it, I did not know the difference between a skill saw and a jig saw. I was not too sure how to go about putting in insulation or the best way to nail up plywood. Most of all, I was not certain that I would go the whole summer without losing some fingers or catching a co-worker in the head with a two-by-four.

Fortunately, the guys I worked with treated me with all the sensitivity and understanding that you would expect from construction workers. When it became clear to a carpenter that I was working with that I was going to take an age to pull an ill-placed nail out of a much-needed piece of wood, he walked over to me, yanked the wood out my hands, and pulled the nail out. "I don't work Saturdays," he said, striding back outside. It was those moments that I will cherish.

For all the apparent differences between me and the rest of the guys, however, we all shared common concerns. The government was taking all of our money. Our women were always on our backs. The guys we

worked for had their heads up their asses. We would all rather be drinking beers down by the lake. As long as I stuck to these safe issues and kept the law crap to a minimum I was fine.

To turn this whole experience into some sort of trite bourgeois lesson in humility and self-realization would undermine the value of work I did (which, according to my boss, was very low) but it is hard not to. This work was not novelty, as much as one might consider it so. These guys did this work well; many of us would be hard pressed to do it better. At worst, I was an entitled voyeur. At best, I was just another construction worker hoping not to screw up and put a nail through his hand. ■

## Les aventures du Capitaine Corporate America

par Laurence Bich-Carriere (Law II)

Tout ne  
s'achète pas  
America!

Non, malheureusement,  
des fois le marketing  
fait un travail de cochon.



«Mercantile mercatique»



# The Square:

## An Outsider's Look on Life in Hippest City in Canada

by Nicholas Dodd (Law I)

As a native Calgarian, one has to deal with a few, shall we say, preconceptions when encountering Canadians from east of the Manitoba-Ontario border. Although I would like to say that most of the accusations leveled against me (no, I don't bathe in crude oil) are horrible unfounded lies, it remains true that in Calgary cowboy hats are acceptable in most social situations, Wrangler jeans are still high fashion, and 'yee-haw' is an oft-heard exclamation. Thus you can understand if I occasionally feel like the proverbial fish-out-of-water in a city where, even on Sunday morning, the people look runway-ready (I mean, it's Sunday morning!!).

Now, I must admit that the city itself played more than a small role in my decision to attend this fine institution. The festivals, art exhibits, the strong social awareness, the multiethnic makeup and, most importantly from my point of view, the plethora of amazing musical acts and venues that Montreal offers were definitely a strong draw (in fact, prior to departure, one good friend inquired if I recalled that I was actually heading to Montreal to attend school).

Now I hate to compare and contrast again (still having problems with the whole 'transsytemic' thing) but in C-town a person interested in catching one of those hot up and coming Canadian indie acts we all love and adore would, on any given night, head to one of three bars - yes, the scene was that small, but at the same time, easily managed. Imagine your correspondent's surprise when faced with the weekly listings in

the Mirror or Voir - I cannot lie, tears were shed, though whether they were of joy or fear I cannot yet determine. Of course I have yet to sample many of these appealing venues, but, time and desire to procrastinate willing, I'll soon be rocking it like the locals.

I'll try and finish by saying something substantive: best album of the summer for my money was Broken Social Scene-member Jason Collett's solo effort. Upcoming stuff to look for includes an album from the Ladies and Gentlemen and another by the Arcade Fire's favorite band, Wolf Parade. I'm sorry for mentioning the Arcade Fire by

the way, I'm sure the natives are tired of them. And as for the Wolf Parade their album is named after a boat they trashed on the record company's dollar - ah, the life of a rock star.

So that's that, hopefully the fine powers-that-be at the Quid will let me run my mouth in these pages again. Please direct any comments, constructive or otherwise I have no preference, to the person that stole my locker in Area 4 (#28). Study hard, play harder and if all else fails remember this - at least you're not wearing Wranglers. ■



La Revue internationale de droit et politique du développement durable de McGill  
recherche un(e)

### RÉDACTEUR(TRICE) ADMINISTRATIF(VE) ASSOCIÉ(E) - FRANÇAIS

Le(la) candidat(e) retenu(e) assistera la rédactrice administrative dans les responsabilités suivantes :

- ◆ Effectuer la sollicitation d'articles rédigés en français
- ◆ Gérer et développer les initiatives de financement
- ◆ Participer à des conférences au nom de la RDPDD
- ◆ Établir et maintenir une communication efficace avec les universités francophones au Canada et outre-mer
- ◆ Faire la traduction de textes de l'anglais au français

Les étudiants de 1<sup>ère</sup>, 2<sup>e</sup>, 3<sup>e</sup> et 4<sup>e</sup> année qui sont inscrits à la Faculté de droit de McGill pour toute la période académique 2005-2006 sont éligibles au concours.

Prière de faire parvenir votre curriculum vitae accompagné d'une lettre de présentation et d'un court échantillon d'écriture en français d'ici le 27 septembre 2005, à l'adresse  
jsdlp.law@mcgill.ca.

Pour de plus amples informations sur la RDPDD, veuillez visiter notre site Internet à l'adresse [www.law.mcgill.ca/jsdlp](http://www.law.mcgill.ca/jsdlp)



# My Blue Collar Summer

Sam Carsley (Law III)

"Drinking in the car's a bitch, eh?"

As I turned this statement over in my mind, Roger rolled down his window and lobbed a crushed can of Budweiser into the woods before wrenching the steering wheel to right, narrowly missing an older couple in a Toyota. Roger was right. Drinking in the car was a bitch.

Roger and I were returning from a renovation job in Ste-Agathe, a cottage country town about an hour and a half north of Montreal. We had spent most of the day hammering in cedar siding and exchanging subtle insinuations that the other was a homosexual over beers swiped from the owner's fridge. The work was uncomplicated, as was the company. This was my construction summer.

I cannot pretend to speak for the entire law school population, but the Vegas money is on the bet that most of us are not too familiar with the sweaty minutiae of the working class. Or, perhaps simply to avoid upsetting those who spend their weekends down the mine to pay their way through law school, I will say that I certainly had little contact with it.

As much as I was ashamed to admit it, I did not know the difference between a skill saw and a jig saw. I was not too sure how to go about putting in insulation or the best way to nail up plywood. Most of all, I was not certain that I would go the whole summer without losing some fingers or catching a co-worker in the head with a two-by-four.

Fortunately, the guys I worked with treated me with all the sensitivity and understanding that you would expect from construction workers. When it became clear to a carpenter that I was working with that I was going to take an age to pull an ill-placed nail out of a much-needed piece of wood, he walked over to me, yanked the wood out my hands, and pulled the nail out. "I don't work Saturdays," he said, striding back outside. It was those moments that I will cherish.

For all the apparent differences between me and the rest of the guys, however, we all shared common concerns. The government was taking all of our money. Our women were always on our backs. The guys we

worked for had their heads up their asses. We would all rather be drinking beers down by the lake. As long as I stuck to these safe issues and kept the law crap to a minimum I was fine.

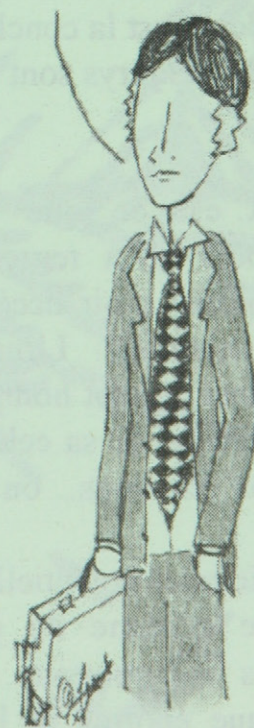
To turn this whole experience into some sort of trite bourgeois lesson in humility and self-realization would undermine the value of work I did (which, according to my boss, was very low) but it is hard not to. This work was not novelty, as much as one might consider it so. These guys did this work well; many of us would be hard pressed to do it better. At worst, I was an entitled voyeur. At best, I was just another construction worker hoping not to screw up and put a nail through his hand. ■

## Les aventures du Capitaine Corporate America

par Laurence Bich-Carriere (Law II)

Tout ne s'achète pas America!

Non, malheureusement, des fois le marketing fait un travail de cochon.



«Mercantile mercatique»



# Innocence McGill:

## Des espoirs concrets pour les victimes de condamnations injustifiées, or, Can You Hope Against All Odds?

Par Francois Beaudry (Law II)

*En droit, l'erreur peut être lourde de conséquences. C'est pourquoi il faut s'y attaquer, la prévenir, et si on la déniche, tout mettre en œuvre pour la corriger.*

L'étudiant de droit typique est confronté à des principes, à des raisonnements plus ou moins complexes, à une charge de travail par moments exigeante et, à l'occasion, à quelques conflits moraux. Cependant, dans le dédale de concepts et d'idées, célébration de la pensée abstraite, qu'est l'apprentissage du droit, il ne doit pas oublier que le droit, bien plus qu'un construit abstrait, est destiné à une application pratique dont les conséquences peuvent être lourdes. En droit criminel, l'erreur peut porter un prix très lourd : les conséquences des condamnations injustifiées, qui couvrent d'un voile sombre la face de notre système de justice, se comptent en dizaines de vies humaines ruinées.

Coupable! C'est ce qu'ont entendu plusieurs innocents au moment de leur verdict. Coupable! C'est la conclusion erronée à laquelle des jurys sont trop souvent arrivés.

Coupable! C'est ce que qu'est contraint à avouer et à regretter le prisonnier qui désire avoir accès à la libération conditionnelle. L'innocent qui entend résonner ce mot honni et se le répète de l'intérieur de sa cellule de prison, ce pourrait être vous...ou moi.

En tant que victimes potentielles des erreurs de notre système de justice criminelle, nous ne pouvons rester aveugles au risque énorme, à la fois

pour la Justice et pour chacun d'entre nous, que représentent les erreurs de notre système judiciaire.

Des exemples? C'est ce système même qui a dit jeté en prison pour 11 ans Donald Marshall pour un meurtre qu'il n'avait pas commis, alors qu'il n'avait que 17 ans.

And Marshall is not the only one. David Milgaard spent 23 years of his life in prison for a crime he did not commit. For Romeo Phillion, who was freed last year, it was 31 years. 31 years... That's slightly more than the average age of Quid readers. Sadly, the list of examples is very long, and the worst part is that the cases we know of may well be only the tip of the iceberg. It is not unreasonable to think that in many cases, the convicts are the only ones to know that that they are really innocent and are unable to prove that 12 of their peers – and the justice system itself – have failed.

Such a situation deserves a firm, uncompromising response. Unfortunately, inmates are often not in a position to substantiate their claim of innocence. This is why they need the eyes, ears, intelligence and dedication of people willing to sort and analyze the events that led to their conviction in order to find out where justice erred. This is where Innocence projects come into play.

The first Innocence Project was established at the Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law in 1992. It was followed by many others, which have succeeded

in freeing over 200 people in North America. Last year, Innocence McGill was created. It started receiving applications in May 2005 and has since been studying these applications carefully, and more applications continue to arrive. The mandate of Innocence McGill is to address, in a systematic manner, claims of wrongful convictions in Quebec. Innocence McGill, comprised of McGill law students, faculty supervisors and members of the Quebec legal community, seeks to provide assistance to persons claiming to have been wrongfully convicted of serious crimes in Quebec, thus answering a very pressing demand for bilingual services of this type.

Innocence McGill is much more than a student project. It is a ray of hope for many wrongfully convicted persons wasting their lives in the prisons of this province, and for their families. Even though our work does not produce many visible effects within the Faculty, we are here, we are active, and we thank you for supporting us in our mission.

We encourage you to stop us in the halls and ask us questions about our project's purposes and about the pressing subject of miscarriages of justice. We also encourage you to think about getting involved. Working for Innocence McGill is a serious commitment, but it is among the most rewarding challenges any of us have ever taken on.

*Note: Innocence McGill will be accepting applications from students interested in joining the project in January. ■*